

THE GREAT NORTHWEST

Of General Interest in the New States and Elsewhere.

MOUNT HOOD FALLING AWAY

A Helena Coal Stealing Case—An Inhuman Father—A New Transcontinental Railroad—A Gang of Thieves Caught.

The ticket business in the Northern Pacific office at Seattle for the first 14 days of this month amounted to \$15,448.15. The business keeps up at the rate of the month of the total will be as large as that of September, which amounted to \$2,655.20.

A man named Langworthy, who lives on twenty-five miles west of Eugene, r., has been arrested on a warrant sworn to by his wife. The complaint charges Langworthy with cruel and inhuman treatment by beating, mistreating and neglecting to provide for his family. One of the children is sick, and he is charged with attempting to kill it by giving it arsenic.

The double train service of the Northern Pacific between Seattle and Tacoma and St. Paul has proved very advantageous to the Sound cities and the entire northwest, but it is a question whether the company can find it profitable to continue the four trains a day through the winter months. There is no probability that the trains will in any event be cut off or two months or more, but there is a possibility that only two trains will run east from during the winter.

A syndicate of wealthy Eastern capitalists has been formed with a capital stock of \$100,000 for the purpose of building the Chicago, Iowa & Pacific railroad with a branch line to Des Moines. The company is incorporated in Des Moines, Iowa, and is controlled from Chicago to the City of Mexico via Des Moines, with a branch line from latter city to Tacoma. The headquarters of the company are to be established in Des Moines. *Tacoma News.*

The Olympia police last week succeeded in arresting five members of the gang of thieves which have lately infested the city. The police have kept diligent watch and have caught the men. The men were evidently contemplating operating extensively, as they were well supplied with keys and burglar's articles. They were taken to the lockup to await a hearing. On making a search the officers found a 2-caliber Smith & Wesson revolver, a gold watch, two chains, two bunches of keys of all kinds, a candle, a bottle of coal oil and a large quantity of soft soap. They also had in their possession a slip of paper on which was written a safe combination.

A mail pouch was lost or stolen from a coach on the Billings and Benton stage line last August and was found near Lavina Tuesday by Superintendent J. J. Davis an agent to the Billings office, its proper destination. The sack was cut open and its contents had been hastily looked over, apparently, and then replaced in the sack, as nothing was missing. That the sack was stolen for the purpose of robbery is evidenced by a registered package having been opened. A check was in the package, and it was carefully replaced. *Billings Gazette.*

The jury in the case of William Scanlon, who has been on trial all the week at Helena on the charge of stealing coal from the Northern Pacific railroad, brought a verdict of guilty Saturday, and fixed the punishment at one year in the penitentiary. Scanlon's counsel at once filed a motion in arrest of judgment and asked that the prisoner be released on bail. Judge Hunt, however, remanded the prisoner to the custody of the sheriff. Another motion will be made on Monday for a new trial, on the exceptions taken by defense to the rulings of the court during the progress of the case. If the new trial is denied the case will be appealed at once to the supreme court. Then the judge of the district court will pass on the question of admitting Scanlon to bail, pending action of the supreme court.

Frank Grylls of Minneapolis, supervising architect of the treasury department, has just returned to Seattle from Alaska. He says: "What the country needs is immigration and good laws, and until the latter is secured the former cannot be. The country is a wonderfully rich one, full of great possibilities in the way of hunting, fishing, mining and agriculture. It is a future great Alaska is preeminently a poor man's country, as there is plenty of game and fish, and a man with a gun, canoe and fishing tackle can easily support himself all the year round. Wheat was growing in Westport and the Russian settlements at Cannai when I was there, and there are many fine valleys of agricultural land. As regards the seal fisheries, something must be done by our government or all the seals will be killed."

Climatic influences are slowly but inevitably changing the contour of the snow mountains of the Pacific Northwest. Some time ago the announcement was made that a great slide had altered the appearance of Mount Shasta in Northern California, and now comes the discovery that a large part of the rocky summit of Mount Hood has crumbled away. Two years ago the Oregon Alpine club deposited a copper box upon the summit of the mountain, and chained it to a large rock that bore the appearance of stability. No one thought at the time that the rock would disappear within a century. Recently, however, a party that ascended the mountain found that the summit had undergone a change, and that the copper box had been carried down the mountain and ground out of its original shape. It was carried back to Portland and now forms one of the curiosities of the Alpine club's collection. The severe frosts of winter and the burning sun of summer are slowly effecting the disintegration of the mountain ranges. Their influence are seen on every hand, in the crumbling mountains and in the masses of sand carried to distant valleys by the streams whose sources lie among the snowy heights of the Western mountains. *Spokane Falls Review.*

Prehistoric Animals.

From St. Nicholas.

All the magnificent buildings of Paris are made of limestone taken from quarries near the city. These quarries are composed of layers made entirely from the tiny shells of prehistoric animals. No less than 35 species exist in these limestone beds. There were other little

beings, not so small, that did an enormous share of the rock building. They had received the name "ammonites," from the Latin word "ammonius," meaning "money," because their shells resemble coins. In Germany they are commonly called the "devil's money." They are so perfectly formed that one cannot help thinking, on first looking at them, that they have been stamped with a die. In some places mountains of great height are made of their shells. In Egypt the layers are of such extent that, since centuries before Christ the rock has been used for building purposes. The ancient pyramids and the sphinx are made of the rock.

Beds of lignite, a kind of half-finished coal, are also found among the rocks of this age. With it is found the yellow amber, which is only fossil resin from a species of pine tree. It is abundant on the shores of the sea and in the rocks. Insects are often found preserved in it as perfect as on the day they were imprisoned. The first bee of all the ages was found in amber, an embalmed corpse in a crystal coffin. With it were found fragments of flower and leaf, as if the resin dropped on the flower upon which the bee had alighted and enveloped both.

She Thought She Might Walk It.

From the New York Tribune.

"I never been on the cars before," said the little old lady, settling herself in the seat and arranging her skirts. "My son got married 15 years ago, and went to live to Bridgeport. He kept urging me to come to Bridgeport, but I says to him, 'I ain't never been on the cars, and I don't think I would like it.'"

"Now, mother," says he, "you won't have no trouble at all. You just get in on the cars, and you have nice cushioned seats, and you see lots of strangers. 'Mother,' says he, 'you would like it, I know.'"

"Well, John, I says, 'it don't seem right to me, an old woman, to go gaddin' about in new-fangled cars.'"

"But every time he come to our house he kept a urging me."

"John, I says, 'I might go if I could do without my car. But I ain't willin' to set like with my hands crossed and do nothin'.'"

"Why mother," says he, "I ain't never see any women do much sewin' on the cars, but I says to you, you kin jest sit there and knit till you get to Bridgeport."

"John, says I, 'I'll go to please you, but I don't think it's right.'"

"Now, mother, says he, 'I'll come up and get you, or you kin have Henry come down.'"

"No," says I, "Henry must stay to home and look after the farm, and I guess I kin git to Bridgeport if the cars will take me there."

"They will take you right there, and I will meet you," says he.

"How will I know," says I, "when we are to Bridgeport?"

"Why, mother," says he, "the brakeman will put his head in the door and say what station it is."

"So he's on the cars for the first time. It ain't much use for me to be wastin' my time, and I guess I'll do some knittin'."

The little woman put on her glasses, and, feeling around in her cloth bag with trembling hand, drew forth her knitting.

"Do you know," she said, turning around her work and looking at it closely, "the cars run quite smooth. I don't seem to mind 'em at all, but it don't seem right for an old woman like me to be goin' about on cars."

She picked up two or three stitches and was on the point of starting her slender needles on their way when the brakeman opened the door and cried, "Bridgeport, Bridgeport!"

"What did he say?" asked the little woman, with a surprised look in her eyes.

"Bridgeport. We are coming to it now," the brakeman said, folding his arms.

"Now ain't that aggravatin'?" I always thought Bridgeport was 40 miles from us. If I had known that it was so near I would have walked it. Why, ain't I been on the cars an hour yet?"

Nobody laughed at the little woman.

"Why, John," she said to a big, strong, honest-faced man who came in to meet her, "why did you fool me about Bridgeport? I could have walked it in a couple of hours."

"It's 40 miles, mother," he said, kissing her wrinkled face. It's the cars you know that make it seem short."

"Dear, dear," said the mother. "Ain't it wonderful?"

A Policeman's Strategy.

There are tricks in all trades, even in ours," remarked a Philadelphia policeman recently. Then he related a story at the expense of a veteran patrolman, with more than one stripe on his arm, to whom was assigned the task of instructing a newly appointed member in his duties.

Taking the "youngster" over his beat he approached a patrol box, unlocked it and proceeded to explain its workings. "When you need the patrol wagon," explained the veteran, "you pull this lever. See?"

He continued his instruction, but, to his consternation, in a few minutes heard the clang of the gong of an approaching patrol wagon. For a moment the old patrolman turned pale as he exclaimed, involuntarily clapping his hand to his forehead: "What's that?"

"I must have pulled that lever," said the new patrolman. "But he was equal to the emergency and determined on a bold coup to save himself from capture. Rushing over to an alley near by, he ran in, but resurpassed in a moment holding a bewildered darkey by the collar.

"Come up to the box, you scoundrel; I'll teach you to fool with me!" shouted the veteran.

The new patrolman assisted in getting the man up to the box just as the patrol wagon came up and passed by without stopping. With a sigh of relief the instructor told the negro he could go free this time. Then turning to the much mystified beginner he remarked:

"If you ever pull the lever accidentally, don't forget that you can fall back on the alley over there. You are always sure to find two or three colored fellows loafing in that place."

"Did you ever follow the darkey?" asked his hearers; but just then the policeman discovered that his presence was needed elsewhere.

The Cheapest Kind of Food.

From the New York Sun.

A Socratic quester of the Bowery asked a half dozen men: "What is the cheapest and best thing for a poor family to eat?"

An Italian replied: "It is macaroni, as everybody knows." An Irishman replied: "Sure, for certain, it is the potato." A Missourian said: "It is cornmeal." A Chinaman: "It is rice." A Scotchman: "It is oatmeal." A German: "It is sauerkraut." After getting these six views of half a dozen specialists the Socratic inquirer put the question to a rustic Gaul, who at once replied: "It is potentia, as you know by the name." The Socratic quester of the Bowery is now making preparations to put these varied opinions to a practical test.

Compensation in Lost Bets.

From the Dallas News.

The good man who loses a bet and kicks himself because of the loss of five or six dollars on one horse might find some consolation in the charitable reflection that the money has made a fellow-being happy, and that the fastidious party sleeps soundly at the best hotel.

DAN RICE IN YEARS PAST

Once Got Tom Campbell's Advice and Settled His Own Case.

THE LAWYER REMINDS HIM

How the Veteran Clown Whipped Yankee Sullivan in a New York Bar-Room Afterwards Became Good Friends.

Old Dan Rice, the famous circus clown, whose name is almost as well known as that of Barnum, the showman, is often in New York. He might be anywhere from fifty-five to seventy years of age, according to his appearance, but refuses to say how old he is, because, as he declares, he does not really know. The old clown was in a Beckman street cafe yesterday, says the New York Press, when a gentleman came up and laid out his hand, saying:

"Dan Rice, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir; but you have got the best of me."

"Well, you got the best of me about twenty years ago, when you came into my law office in Cincinnati and wanted advice about bringing suit against a man for \$200,000. I gave you the advice, and you went off and settled with the fellow for \$200,000, and never came near your lawyer."

It was T. C. Campbell, formerly of Cincinnati, who, as he concluded his remark, hurried away, but not until the old man had called out to him that he would pay yet if he would make out a bill.

There is an ancient story that Rice once fought a prize fight at Harrisburg with George Kensett, a famous pugilist, with the legislature of Pennsylvania for spectators. He was asked about that episode, and said: "No, I never fought a prize fight in my life. The incident out of which this story grew occurred in 1845. Kensett, who was an old man, had been teaching members of the legislature how to spar, but he wasn't getting along very well, and to help him out, I got up a benefit for him, and went on the stage and sparred with him. We called the entertainment 'Science against strength' on our handbills and advertisements, and it netted the old man a handsome sum of money. He had been put on the back number list before this Yankee Sullivan's success as a pugilist."

This recalled the clown's own adventure with "Yankee" Sullivan, who was the John L. of his time, and he was asked to tell about how he knocked out the big pugilist.

"That was in 1845," said Rice. "I was performing at Palma's opera house, and had a room on Broadway around the corner. Flood and O'Brien, who afterwards went to California and became bonanza kings and millionaires, had a saloon and lunch on the corner at that time, and I used to go there nights after my performance to get oysters. Tom Duffy, 'Country' McLoskey and other fellows handy with their fists were always hanging around there. Well, this night when I went in there the place was crowded. I had a pitcher in my hand, in which to get some oysters. I edged in to the bar and attempted to pass the pitcher over the shoulder of the big fellow who stood there, so as to have the barkeeper fill it. I had never seen the big man before, and his face even was turned away from me, and he was saying: 'What in blank are you doing, you blankety blankety blank bloke? If you don't look out I'll knock the blankety blank head off you.'"

"Well, I was quick tempered in those days, and bold as a lion. I saw that this fellow was thoroughly angry, too, and likely to carry out his threat, for he began to shove me and to handle me. I just banged against the side of his head for all there was in me. The pitcher went partly to pieces on the first bang, but I gave him another and another along side the head until nothing but the handle was left in my hand. He was badly cut and bleeding, but still standing, when I let go with the broken handle, and raked his whole face from forehead to chin, cutting him awfully. He was stunned, and fell on the floor, while the crowd made a dash for me, but Duffy and McLoskey were there, and they knew me, and pulled me out on the sidewalk and got me away, telling me I had done up Yankee Sullivan."

"When I heard that I had encountered the big fellow, I felt like a kid. I told you," continued Mr. Rice. "I know that Sullivan would have it out with me some time. The affair was the talk of the town and the papers were full of it. Sullivan was taken to the hospital in a carriage and was there for over three months. I went to see him, by McLoskey's advice, and fixed things up with him and we became good friends. You see, when I wasn't afraid of his hurting me physically, yet he had a big gang behind him and I was a public performer, and they could hurt me in my business if they set about it systematically."

In talking about some of his peculiar experiences, Uncle Dan said to me that he had lectured for charity in his day, speaking from a pulpit, when he was a nickel in his own pocket, and did not know where he was going to get money to pay his hotel bill, but somehow or other it was at such times that luck ran his way.

The South African Smash.

From the Pall Mall Gazette.

The collapse of the mining speculation in South Africa, which transformed men of wealth on paper into paupers in fact, has at last touched the banks, and two Cape institutions have had to stop payments in the course of a few weeks. Both the Union and the Cape of Good Hope banks have been themselves choked up with mining scrip which could not be realized for anything like the amounts advanced upon it, and after vainly hoping for a lucky turn, they have been at last forced to close their doors. The risk of this class of business is patent on the face of it, and (unless we, with most other observers, mistake the cause of the ruin) the shareholders and customers of the bank will hardly excuse those who have controlled the policy. Even with limited liability the shareholders may have to pay three times as much as the amount actually called, or 450 on every 450 share. Their bitterest reflection will be that much of the scrip is really worth every penny that it represents—the bank that holds it could hold on long enough.

A Story of Joe Jefferson.

From the Baltimore News.

Joseph Jefferson does not like to be called "Joe." He believes that his age and position entitle him to the respect shown by the use of his full Christian name, and cites in his argument that Edison's name is rarely, if ever, referred to as "Ned." Once while on a western tour the comedian carried with the company a property man whose fondness for strong waters was as great as his bump of veneration was small. The latter failing led him into speaking of the star as "His Jefferson" and "His Pilets." One morning the property man turned up at rehearsal in a highly inebriated condition. Meeting Mr. Jefferson in the wings, it occurred to him that it would be a graceful

thing to tender him an off-hand apology. He leaning gently up against the comedian he remarked: "Jeffy, old boy, when one feller comes to another feller—"

"Jeffy, old boy," shocked the comedian beyond expression.

"Go, sir," he exclaimed. "Go, sir, at once."

The offender went. That night "Rip Van Winkle" was the bill, and the house was packed from pit to dome. In a corner of the gallery sat the property man, looking rather fazed about the edges.

The play progressed. Rip is turned out into the storm and, standing upon the threshold of his house, utters the most pathetic line in the piece:

"You—you say that I have no share in this house?"

Then through the silence comes in sad and asthmatic tones:

"Only 50 per cent. of the gross, Jeffy, old boy."

The comedian collapsed. The property man was avenged.

THE MYSTERY OF A BOX.

What Caused Alarm in a New York Station.

From the New York Tribune.

An innocent looking and in fact perfectly innocent box which arrived at one of the big freight stations in this city the other day was the cause of some alarm and commotion. It nominally formed a part of a consignment of household goods, but as it was not specifically marked, and had one marked peculiarity, it gave rise to suspicion.

There was nothing peculiar about the appearance of the box. It was perhaps two feet and a half by one and a half feet in dimensions and was made of plain pine boards. At one time it had contained some manufactured articles designed for domestic consumption, and its subsequent career was more the result of accident than of deliberate design. If the owner's name had been blazoned upon it, there probably would have been no question about its prompt delivery by the freight officials, in spite of the peculiarity of which mention has already been made.

It is time to explain what that peculiarity was. It was first observed when the men in the freight station let the box out down with the gentleness which habitually characterizes all their actions. As soon as this was done a slight cloud of dust was seen to emerge from the various cracks in the sides of the box, and every time the box was shaken or jostled the cloud would be repeated. The men in the freight station were fascinated by the sight and gathered in numbers to see the operation performed again and again. They stood at a safe distance, however, and watched the bold man who recklessly tampered with the mystery.

"Them's no household goods," said the delivery clerk, an expressman who arrived armed with the owner's authority to take possession of his property and transport it to his home. "Leastwise, as there is no marks on the box, I ain't going to deliver it to you 'till the owner comes here and identifies it. Then we can open the box in his presence, and make sure whether what he says is correct. I tell you the powder or substance of that kind in the 'box' and perhaps he's been suthin' unlawful goin' on."

In due time the expressman made his report to the owner, and again in due time the box appeared in the big freight station. It was a huge place, full of life and bustle. The young man in the office near the entrance had heard about the box, but as it was several rods away from his post of duty he was able to think of it in a truly calm and philosophic manner. He said that Mr. ———, well, says Smith—knew all about the box, and Mr. ——— would be found in such a place. The newcomer set out in his search of Mr. Smith, who was described as an old gentleman with spectacles and a gray beard. After wandering a mile or so he found the person answering the description and inquired if he was right.

"No; you'll find him up that way," indicating the direction from which the questioner had come. "You want to inquire for the upper gentleman."

In due time, once more, the "upper gentleman" was found. Then the box, disgraced though innocent, was dragged forth from its hiding place and exposed to the light of day. Sure enough, when it was lifted an inch or so from the ground and allowed to fall back again a little cloud of dust came out of the cracks in the sides and cover. But the owner was not in the least surprised or alarmed.

"That's my box, sure enough," said he. "There was no occasion for any mystery or trouble about it."

The "upper gentleman" seemed to think so too as soon as he understood the situation. He tried to take it lightly and laugh it off as a matter of no consequence.

"If the box had only been marked, we shouldn't have thought anything of it," he remarked, with a painful attempt at a smile.

"But the station agent at So-and-So said it would not be necessary to mark every single piece."

The "upper gentleman" waxed wroth. "Then he's a countryman, and no railroad man," said he with a sniff of contempt.

All's well that ends well, and in due time—for the last time—the box was delivered at its rightful destination.

To satisfy the reader's curiosity it may be remarked that it contained three or four dozen glass jars of fruit which had been packed with wood ashes and old newspapers.

The Mystery of the Plain Pine Box was an exceedingly simple mystery, after all.

Couldn't Fool Him.

From the Chicago Tribune.

"What star is that?" inquired the ravened stranger, halting at the street corner.

"That ain't a star," said the fakir with a telescope. "That is a planet."

"H'm! What planet is it?"

"That, is Jupiter."

"Is Jupiter, is it? How do you know it's Jupiter?"

"Why, everybody knows that planet is Jupiter."

"How do you know it?"

"Know it by its belts."

"Hain't any other planets got belts? In the remotest depths of space there may be myriads of worlds that the telescope has never revealed to us, and some of them may have belts like this one."

"That's what I thought. Do you s'pose Jupiter is inhabited?"

"Some persons think it is, and some say it has not yet cooled off sufficiently for human beings to live upon it."

"Do you think it's likely that the people who live on it, if there are any, call it Jupiter?"

"Oh, no, it isn't at all likely."

"H'm! How much do you charge for looking at it through that thing?"

"Only five cents."

"Five cents, hey? You want five cents for squinting about 10 seconds at a planet you call Jupiter because everybody else calls it Jupiter, and because it's got belts, when you say yourself it ain't the only one that's got belts, and you acknowledge that the people on it don't call it Jupiter? It's my belief you don't know whether it's Jupiter or Joe's coffin. I say that it's a darn swindle."

And he elbowed his way out of the crowd and walked off, leaving the telescope man jumping up and down in speechless rage.

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